

The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1853.

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TERMS:

THE POST is published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$3, if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 12 lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year. Persons sending advertisements must mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will continue until forbidden and charged accordingly.

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Jon Work, such as Pamphlets, Minutes, Circulars, Cards, Blanks, Handbills, &c., will be executed in a neat and workmanlike manner, at short notice, and on reasonable terms.

All letters addressed to the Proprietor, post paid, will be promptly attended to.

Persons at a distance sending us the names of four solvent subscribers, will be entitled to a fifth copy gratis.

No communication inserted unless accompanied by the name of the author.

Office on Main street, next door to the old Jackson Hotel.

THE POST.

Athens, Friday, May 13, 1853.

BALTIMORE, May 1.

The steamer Ocean Wave, belonging to the Ogdensburg Rail Road Company, was consumed by fire at two o'clock on Saturday morning, on Lake Ontario. Out of fifty who were on board, only twenty-two were saved. The steamer was fully insured.

SAVANNAH, May 4.

At a public meeting held in Savannah on Wednesday, it was resolved that \$160,000 should be appropriated by the city for the purpose of removing the wrecks in the Savannah River, &c.

W. H. Stephens is the Whig candidate for Congress in the Memphis district.

S. P. Allison, Esq., is the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Nashville district.

A portrait of Mrs. Stowe is on exhibition at Bridlesmith-gate, Nottingham county, England, at two-pence a peep.

Ten poor men can sleep tranquilly upon a mat, but two kings are not able to live at peace in a quarter of the world.

When about entering into a matrimonial alliance, have it fairly understood before your neck is quite into the noose, whether you are to marry an individual or a whole family.

John W. Foster, a Quaker, and a leading Rhode Island Abolitionist has recently renounced his abolitionism, and in doing so says that those who make up the abolition party are quakers—that they are sincere only in their desire to humbug the public, and that they have injured the slave to an extent that cannot be repaired in a quarter of a century.

Let every democrat be at his post, and all will be right and the victory ours.—Democratic papers generally.

George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, and Wm. R. King, are the only Vice Presidents of the United States who died in office.

The St. Louis Republican announces that the vote for the county to subscribe \$900,000 to the North Mississippi Iron Mountain Railroad has been carried by an almost unanimous vote.

The Journal of Commerce states that three New York builders have failed within the last month, for sums varying from \$20,000 to \$120,000.

The factories of Lowell consume between eighty thousand and ninety thousand bales of cotton a year, about one-sixth of the whole consumption of the United States. They also consume upwards of five millions pounds of wool in a year. There are fifty-one mills in the city, employing a capital of \$13,000,000. The population of the city is 37,000, almost entirely subsisting, directly or indirectly, through the disbursements of the capital invested in the mills.

Daniel Fraser, supposed to be the last of the heroic company who fought for liberty in the battle of Concord, died lately in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He was also in the battle of Bunker Hill.

The Washington Union contains a significant article indicating that the administration has not disapproved the proceedings of Gov. Lane in taking constructive possession of the disputed territory between New Mexico and Chihuahua.

Hastings of the Albany Knickerbocker must be a queer fellow. He says in his paper: "How any one can look at the human foot, composed of 144 bones, any quantity of elastic cartilage—a gill and a half of lubricating oil, and ten thousand other arrangements for a first class kicking, and still believe it a duty to receive an insult without making a man smell of leather, is one of those eccentricities connected with the human mind which we never could fathom."

If you feel like doing a generous action, do it at once. Put it off till to-morrow, and ten to one the present you intended for "poor Jenkins," will be inverted in a barrel of flour or half a ton of anthracite. Benevolence is short lived; like fresh ash, it must be indulged in to-day, or it will "spile."

Moderation is the best general rule for conduct in social life. Moderation in manners, moderation in language, moderation in dress, moderation in everything but personal neatness. With these a kind and a decent share of self-respect, a man can glide smoothly through the world, if not pleasantly.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 26, 1853.

MAJ. G. A. HENRY.—Dear Sir: By resolution of the Whig State Convention, which met in this city on the 25th inst., I am instructed to inform you of your nomination as the Whig candidate for Governor of Tennessee, and to ask your acceptance. In the performance of this agreeable duty, it is a source of gratification to know that the nomination was conferred not only with unanimity, but by acclamation, and with a cordial enthusiasm in your behalf, which authorize an abiding confidence in the success of Whig principles in the coming canvass, under the auspices of your able and experienced leadership.

I would be pleased to have your response to this communication at as early a day as may be convenient to you.

Yours, very respectfully,

JAS. L. MCKOIN,

President of the Whig State Convention.

CLARKSVILLE, April 29, 1853.

GEN. JAS. L. MCKOIN.—Dear Sir: Your letter, as President of the Whig Convention, which met in Nashville on the 25th inst., informing me of my nomination, as the candidate of the Whig party, for the office of Governor of Tennessee, was duly received on yesterday.

Candor demands of me the acknowledgment, that the unanimity and enthusiasm which characterized the nomination, were highly complimentary to me, and exceedingly gratifying to my feelings.

Obedient as I have ever been to the call of the Whig party of Tennessee, I respond, I accept the nomination, distrustful however, of my ability to meet the expectation of my friends, but with full confidence in the patriotism of Whig principles, and in the fidelity of the Whig party to uphold them. I desire to impress it upon the Whigs that I promptly obey their call, and that I shall expect their warm and enthusiastic support. Thanking you, sir, for the very kind terms in which you have been pleased to notify me of my nomination, I remain, as ever, your friend, and very obedient servant, G. A. HENRY.

LAST MOMENTS OF THE VICE PRESIDENT.—The Southern Republic has received from Mr. F. K. Beck—a kinsman of the Vice President—a brief account of the last moments of Mr. King. It says: "He was quiet and resigned to the fate which he had seen for some time awaited him. Shortly before six o'clock on Monday evening, while a few friends were sitting around his bed-side, the only ones that he would allow in his sick room, he suddenly remarked that he was dying. The watchers arose to their feet, under some excitement, when the Colonel said: 'Be still—make no noise—let me die quietly.' He refused to leave the bed-side of his household, and he died in his dying condition. His physician came in and examined him. The Colonel said to him: 'Doctor, I am dying. It seems as though I shall never get through with it. I am dying very hard. Take the pillows from under my head.' The pillows were accordingly taken from under his head, but affording no relief, the Doctor turned him from his back to his side, when he died in a moment."

CHOLERA IN PRUSSIA.—The following official statistics, relative to the action of cholera in divers districts of East Prussia, and more especially in that of Marienwerder, may not be uninteresting. The disease broke out, it appears, on the 10th of July and spread with rapidity over 30 towns, and villages, attacking, out of a population of 615,000, about 10,670, of whom 6836 died, and the remainder recovered.

The disease, now extensively in the district, appears to have been more widely spread and intense in 1852 than during its previous visits in 1831, 1837, 1848, and 1849, as, during the first, the number of infected places was 315, that of cases 9,020; and deaths 5,260. During the second only 72 places were infected, and not more than 2,448 attacked, of whom 1,039 died.

In the third mentioned year and during a period of 9 months, from about midsummer to March following, 156 places were infected and 6335 persons attacked, of whom only 2818 recovered. In the same and last year (1848), the pestilence again broke out in June, and continued until the middle of December, infecting 111 places, attacking 4853 persons, and carrying off 2656. The exactness of the statistics is such that it baffles all medical calculations as to the chances of its reappearing and travelling westwards. The last report from Breslau, of the 30th, shows neither cure, new case, nor death.

BLUE RIDGE RAILROAD.—Indications from Tennessee and North Carolina on the route of the Blue Ridge Railroad are highly encouraging. Public attention is concentrating on this enterprise, and the appreciation of its value is constantly rising. We have reason to believe that it will call forth large contributions from all the country near the line, and thus secure the uninterrupted progress and speedy completion of the Road. A gentleman of character and experience, living in that part of North Carolina near the proposed route, and well acquainted with the whole region, speaking of the prospects of the enterprise, enumerates the following as among the certain advantages of the Blue Ridge Railroad over others that aim at the same object.

1. It will be the shortest communication between the Atlantic coast and the navigable waters of the Mississippi valley.

2. Its grade is much better than any route that has been surveyed East of the Rabun—the ascending grades to the summit of the mountains being 25 per cent. less, and the descending grades to the Tennessee river even 50 per cent. less.

3. The cost of construction will be less than that of any of the great Roads to the North of us which aim at the same object of reaching the navigable waters of the Mississippi valley.

[From the Washington Republic.]

THE POLITICAL HORIZON.

There is a lull in the political elements.—The conjectures of the "outs" and the denials of the "ins" are equally unreliable. The President and his Cabinet are industriously employed, but without noise or ostentation. They have important subjects before them—even more important than many of their interested partisans give them credit for considering. The prospective foreign relations of the Government possess far more than their usual interest, and call for the exercise of great prudence and sagacity. Yet many of our Democratic friends are impatient, and appear to be impressed with the belief that the new Administration has been organized solely for the purpose of arranging matters in detail with "the party." But this is a mistake. Enough has been seen of its course to make it clearly apparent that rashness will not characterize its conduct, and that a judicious secrecy is to be exercised by its different members.

We approve of this state of things, and it affords us pleasure to give expression to our approval, as we shall ever do, so long as a just regard for the present interests, the permanent welfare, and the true honor of the country shall guide the course of the Administration.

The present condition of the Governments of this continent should admonish the people of the United States of the necessity of putting aside for a time the consideration of trite and trivial matters of contention, and of yielding to the Executive affairs and confiding support in its endeavors so to conduct our intercourse with the rest of the world as to entail neither loss nor dishonor upon our Government.

Widely as the two great statesmen of South Carolina and Kentucky differed from each other upon all questions affecting our internal policy, it was the proud declaration of the latter, in his eulogium upon the former, that upon questions relating to our foreign policy their opinions and sentiments were the same; and throughout a long and eventful period in our national history we find this harmony the only common ground occupied by them. Such may prove to be the case with thousands upon thousands of our countrymen. The frenzied desire for evanescent fame and sordid advantages may drive many into a course of action at war with our peace and welfare; but when apprized of the importance of the crisis evoked, the people of the United States, of all parties, may be relied upon for the exercise of wise consideration, prudent forethought, and a disinterested determination to sustain alike the true interests and the unsullied honor of their country.

Though victory has graced our banners in every conflict, and conquest has rewarded every achievement, the lesson we have learned in war has not taught us that, even with the weakest of nations, it may be lightly and inconsiderately entered into, nor prosecuted to even the most triumphant success, without entailing upon ourselves evils too heavy to be endured, save in a just and righteous cause.

We repeat, then, that in the conduct of our intercourse with foreign nations, questions of serious moment are not unlikely to arise. We affirm also our belief that these subjects occupy the profoundest reflections of the present Administration. With reference to them the agents of our Government at the different courts will, beyond a question, be appointed or retained, and the most elaborately-studied and well-matured instructions will be given them.

It is therefore venturing too far to assume that in the judicious, vigorous, and determined adherence by the Government to such line of policy as shall meet with the approval of the nation, all capitions, unreasonable, and mischievous opposition will be silenced, that an honest support will be given to it, and that in this, as in a late memorable instance, the ties of more party alliances will prove too weak to overcome the call of the country upon the fealty of her citizens? We speak for ourselves, and every emotion within us assures us that we may speak for the nation also, when we declare our belief that the Administration will find but one party throughout our wide domain in any hour in which it may need the popular support.

We speak vaguely of the foreign policy of the United States; but we allude to matters too familiar to the American mind to render direct recitals necessary. The promises embodied in the Inaugural Address of President Pierce afford to us a guarantee of the line to be pursued. The principles of true republicanism will not be violated, nor will the safe and well-approved usages of nations be disregarded. This is sufficient. Circumscribed by these limitations, let the fiat of the American people be proclaimed by their constitutional rulers, and let these rulers, first and last, rely with unwavering confidence upon the people.

INDIANA is a great State; she has 800 miles of finished railroad, 1500 of plank road and 550 of canal, besides 1000 miles of railroad in progress. Her principal railroad stock sells in New York at 111, and her State 5 per cent. at 106.

POLK COUNTY.—The Nashville American of May 3d, says: The Comptroller, A. R. Crozier, Esq., furnishes us the facts relative to a rapid rise in the value of real estate in Polk county.—The total value of the real estate in the 8th district of that county as returned to the Comptroller in 1852, was \$20,104. The report for the same district for the present year gives the value of real estate \$129,080. This is a mountain district, and the land has increased in value on account of the rich copper mines it contains.

A shirt made with the magnetic needle and the thread of a parson's discourse, will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

NEW YORK.—The New York Times gives the following as an almost every day picture in that city:

"It is scarcely safe to walk an unfrequented street after nightfall, and if the passenger, through many districts, is so fortunate as to reach his home without molestation, he will not have performed his journey without being startled by the shrill cry of women, or the brutal oaths of men, or perhaps some worse evidence that intemperance and guilt are abroad, as well as he. He will pass perhaps down some narrow, noisome street, strewn with decayed vegetables, and sending up continually from its thousand cess-pools a poisonous miasma, with which the purer air is constantly commingling. Here, late at night, he will see a red unwholesome light flaring at one corner of the thoroughfare, and by the glare he will catch a glimpse of a rotten, crazy-looking wooden tenement with leaking casks and damaged fruit strown about, and filled with five or six half-drunk, wholly senseless and stupid, or of awful agony, burst out into the night. Another and another. The sots in the store below cease their blasphemies. The street suddenly becomes animated. People issue unexpectedly from the houses round about. Some face the door of the drunkard's home. They rush up stairs, and presently an angry sleeper runs like an electric spark through the crowd, proclaiming that murder has been done. He had fallen upon her, the patient, watching wife, and in the frenzy of his drunken passion smote her with a mortal blow. And now he sits half sobbing on the bed, with a few policemen lounging round him, and a crowd of curious spectators peering in at the door to look at him, while his child unknowingly and all innocent, plays round his knee and fondles his bloody hand."

THE FALL RIVER MURDER.—Some days since we gave an account of a murder perpetrated by a husband on his wife, by pouring down her throat the oil of vitriol. The Fall River News gives some further particulars of this murder. It appears that both parties were addicted to habits of intemperance. On the 9th instant, the wife being abroad on one of her drunken rambles, the husband, with a rope in his hand, went in pursuit of her. Before starting, he bought a pint of gin and drank it. Having got his wife home, he compelled his eldest daughter to hold her while he tied her firmly to the bed with the rope, keeping the wife quiet by promising to give her some liquor. He then went out into the shed and came in with a preparation which he told his daughter to give to her mother, but she suspecting that something was wrong, refused. He then being, as is supposed, aware that the liquor which he was about to give (probably sulphuric acid) would stain clothes, carefully stripped them away from her mouth and administered the liquid. He was not probably aware that it would also stain the skin. The News adds:

"On having this stuff thrust down her throat, the poor woman struggled and showed signs of nausea. She was too strongly confined with the cords, however, to free herself, or to do anything for her relief. The five children went to bed in another room, while the wretched husband stood about the couch of his agonized, dying wife. The latter, by words or signs, called for water, telling her daughter that she was burning up inside. Some water was given her by one of the daughters.

The daughters, it appears, lay in bed the most or all of the night, and the eldest, two kept note of their father's operations. About 12 o'clock, according to the account of the girls, he gave his wife another quantity of liquid in a cup. This he called 'tea.' It is judged to have been a quantity of the acid diluted. The dying woman continued to utter cries of horror until Sunday morning, when, as the daughters state, the noise of her plaints ceased. It is probable that death occurred at this point of time. The husband unbound his wife, stripped the chemise off, and put on a clean one. He then fled."

He has not yet been arrested.

GEOLOGY.—Its Concordance with Scripture.—This formed the subject of a recent lecture, delivered on Friday week, by Dr. Boynton, at Metropolitan Hall, New York. The following remarks, illustrative of his subject, we copy from the same:

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, but to this beginning there is no date. On this point many believers of the bible war with geology, and many infidels war with the bible. Some think Geology disproves the bible; it is not so, for it proves from the first examination of matter, till its condensed forms, from the beginning to the end, there was a law acting upon and directing these forms. It implies that it was created by a Supreme Intelligence, and Geology declares that God created the heavens and the earth, and the second verse of Genesis is said the earth was empty and desolate. There is no discrepancy between that which the Scriptures assert and Geology proves. How long was the time from the beginning to the creation of man? We have a chronology by Bishop Usher, another by Hale—These disagree with Geology. From the creation of the world to the appearance of man on the earth it may be hundreds of millions of years—it is a history that can only be read by the geological strata in the earth. The lecturer described the state of the world before its present condition. He gave an explanation of the cause of volcanoes, and how they sometimes formed islands in the sea and mountains on the land."

REDUCTION OF FARE ON THE NORTHERN RAILROADS.—The Louisville Journal learns that the fares from Cincinnati to New York have been reduced to the following prices:

Via Dunkirk, \$15.
Via Buffalo, Albany, and thence by steamer to New York, \$15.
Via Buffalo and Hudson River Railroad, \$17.
From Cincinnati to Boston, all railroad, \$19.50.
This is indeed cheap travelling. These roads are among the finest in the country.

MRS. PARTINGTON BACK AGAIN.

For a long time past we had heard nothing of the old lady of the Boston Post, until yesterday, on opening that most estimable journal, we found her "foot prints." We knew them as soon as we saw them. But for the fear of being thought too inquisitive, we should like to know where the dear old lady has been all this long time. We hail her return not less cordially than the Post itself, which thus introduces her:

She loitered by the door,
But she didn't speak a word,
And thought she'd seldom known before
Her mind's composure stirred.
She gazed far up the stair—
The stair so dark and grim—
And her species, so familiar there,
Were dweyes, damp and dim.

And step by step she went
Up the dark and sombre stair,
A tinge of coffee "fragrance" blent
With the wholesome morning air.
Her step was dull and slow,
And a tear was on her cheek,
But 'twas from naught of pain or woe—
Nor grief did it bespeak.

She turned to gaze around
Within the quiet room;
The old pictures there she found,
And Saunders with his broom—
The cobwebs waved o'er head,
That long had she'd known,
And Carter's whistling mill, she said,
Had "hominy" in its tone.

She hung her riddlee
Beside the ancient chair,
And the rappee box, all crowded full,
She laid before her there.
Then she sank upon a seat,
With her finger on her chin,
And smiled benignantly and sweet,
As she murmured, "Home again!"
Boston Post Office, April 9, 1853.

"It is nothing but justice to suppose that the old lady meant harmony."

A WOMAN WITH TWO HUSBANDS.—The Montgomery (Ala.) Journal says the following is an authentic document, sent to that paper for publication. It is another evidence of how the world wags along among some of the diversified varieties of humanity. A reprobate wife married a second husband, and writing to the first a friendly letter to come and see her, is about as cool a proceeding as was ever recorded. The manner in which it was done is not the least amusing of its peculiarities:

DEAR HUSBAND—I take my pen in hand to inform you that we are well at present. I received yours of the 23d August not long since, and was glad to hear from you. Miss D—— is gone to Arkansas; her and I—— and the old lady. I have nothing of importance to write to you. I am married again. I married about three months ago. Tell P—— that S—— is also married. She is as well satisfied as she was before, I believe. I have the same love and affection for you as I had before, if I am married again. I want you to come out this fall, if you can; the children are well and hearty. The health of the country is very good now, but there has been a great deal of sickness here. None of our family or folks have been sick of any importance. I have nothing more to write now. Crops are very good. Tell S—— P—— and Ma's A—— howdy; and you too. We have had a falling out here. Sally and I had a fight. Jimmy and Mooming quarrelled with me, and they were all against me. I had a hard time here by myself. That is the reason why I married. They said I could not get the man that I did. We had a great camp-meeting here about three weeks ago, and we tented. I don't know how many people, nor how many joined the church. I will close my letter. You must write as soon as you get this letter, if you please. Give my love to all inquiring friends and receive a portion for yourself. I remain yours affectionate till death.

PATRICK HENRY.—A man stands upon the floor of the House of Delegates of Virginia. He turns an eye of fire around him—he trembles with some mighty emotion. That emotion, reader was the first breath of new-born liberty! She started into life at his inspiration, and the days of Tyranny were numbered!

The grandeur of that scene cannot be compassed in one glance. He stood amid a grave and prudent body of men, conscious indeed of the wrongs of their country, but relying on moderate petition for redress. They had never let their imaginations ramble into visions of upright and chaste independence. A thousand things forbade the idea. Their habits of thought, of action, their pitiable weakness as a country, their disgust for war on account of recent and exhausting conflicts, all tended to indispose them for freedom. They were, besides, legislating beneath the jealous eyes of royal deputies, who would not fail to call treason by its right name. They sat, as it were, under the glimmerings of the diadem.

Who would dare, if so inclined, to talk forth from their midst and throw down the gauntlet to the mightiest? Envy of his power—nay, to all the empires of the world; to principles as old as the great globe itself, intervened with every page of past history, sanctioned by venerable ages, and proud and awful as the heavens! Who would dare to turn on the moss-grown and frowning ramparts of monarchy, and pluck its blood-red tapers? Who would rush out from the security of submission, and stamp on the neck of the lion by his mane? It was the grandest moment of time—but God had reared up one to fill it. That man was Patrick Henry.

He opened his lips. His heart beat with the destinies of the world, struggled for the electric appeal shot forth—darted on—flashing fiercer and brighter, and growing and growing in overwhelming majesty, until the last words—"GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!"—filled up its measure of terrible night, and the last link of the chain that had eternally bound the form of freedom was riveted. He had finished his sublime task. The Revolution was at once—Family Friend.

WELL HIT.—The Boston Post says, "Mrs. Stowe has delighted the English with her books—she talks in just the manner to please the people who used to buy American scalps of the Indians."

THE RUMSELLER'S DEATH BED.

When I entered the room the doctor sat by the patient's side, while he appeared insensible. His face was turned towards the wall and his eyes were fixed. At length he started, and then he said:

"Do you think I am in danger, doctor?"
The physician was loath to say so, as physicians usually are, and evaded the question that death's tide was at its full, and the sick man grew worse rapidly.

"Oh! doctor, doctor," said he, "there is something that preys on my mind—something more terrible even than this fatal disorder."
The patient tossed and tumbled about, his eyes rolled and flashed, his brow was knit, and a mental hurricane swept over him. His wife attempted to soothe him, talked of Heaven and mercy but in vain. I told him of the dying love of Christ, and the thief on the cross, but all would not do. The physician was equally unsuccessful in his endeavors to calm the mind of the dying man.

"Take away your physician, doctor; it is useless; it cannot cure the diseased mind."
Again penitence and pardon were spoken of, and the physician and the sick man's family endeavored to pour oil upon the troubled waters. But they cast up mire and dirt.

"Can you tell me what it is that troubles your mind so deeply?"
"Oh! doctor, doctor, do not speak of it! I know it was wrong! I have sent their souls to hell! I made them drunkards!"
The doctor answered, "You have done no more than others; they would have sold if you had not!"

"Don't tell me that! Their blood is on my skirts—tear it out! Look! I see their faces, and their fiery eyes glaring upon me, horror! horror!"

The physician soothed him as he would have soothed a child. "It will relieve your mind," said he to the sick man.

"Oh! God! I wish I could get relief!—See doctor, see them pointing their skinny fingers at me! Kill me! Kill me!"

"There's Mrs. Briggs, to whom I sold run the little children starved. She asks for money to buy bread—here she stands! my God! I have got the money—go to her—quick—oh! horror! horror!"

"Heaven's doctor, do you call them shadows! Keep them out there they come into the room! Shut the windows and bar the shutters! I see old Griffin, who froze to death—he is trying to come in. There's his winding sheet oh, don't burn me!"

The physician then rose to humor his miserable patient, went to the window and closed the shutter.

"Look the doctor! there's a young woman whose husband I got drunk, and he murdered her. I took her coffin to pay his grog-bill. She cries out against me—she shrieks and tears her hair—oh, oh, oh!"

All efforts were found to be fruitless: nothing could succeed in quieting the tumult in his guilty soul. As a last resource, a clergyman was mentioned to him, and with the fury of a demon he shouted—

"Don't talk to me of clergymen. My soul is lost! lost! The spirits of the damned, whom I have made drunk are let loose upon me. They pinch—they burn, they tear me—wool wool!"

And his burning eyes became fixed in their sockets, the death-rattle came in his throat, he clasped his hand convulsively together, and died, and amidst the howlings of the storms, were heard the wails and agonizing cries of the heart broken wife and the terror-stricken children of The Rumseller.

SECRET PRAYER.—A very honest minded and illiterate negro, "way down in Virginia," attending a camp meeting some time since, in his vicinity, and among other advice tendered him by the worthy brethren assembled was recommended to go away in secret, and pray for the forgiveness of his sins.

This suggestion was overheard by two of three wicked wags—such as are always found hanging round camp meetings, and they followed the darkie out to watch his movements.

His name was Coldthwaite—"Cuffy Coldthwaite" he was commonly called—and he was very ill-sighted, having but one eye out of which he could see but very indifferently. When he inquired, what he should say to the Lord, he was told to go humbly and use his own language, which would be most acceptable.

So Cuffy sauntered down into the woods, followed by a brace of the libys, at some distance behind, who villainously provided themselves with a bucket of water. Cuffy fumbled along and finally reached a sharp cliff, at the base of which he knelt down and commenced as follows:

"Good morning, Massa Gor Omighity. Dis child very wicked, and prays you dazzen know 'im, for Cuffy Coldthwaite all day from de Hobomunk plantation, an' de gentleman tell me dat if I axes for 'im de grace de Lord will be shlowed down on dis insignificant nigger."

At this moment down came the pail of cold water from above the edge of the bank, and on Cuffy's head! He sprang to his feet and gazed about him, blew the chilling water from his mouth—and while his eye rolled itself almost inside from his excitement and rage, he added—
"Dat'll do, Massa—dat'll do for dis time, sartin—'s spec 't's all right but dat shower radder cold, any how, dat a fact!"
This was the last time that Cuffy went out to "pray in secret."

A CATACOMB OF MUMMIES FOUND IN KENTUCKY.

Lexington, 4th Kentucky, stands nearly on the site of an ancient town, which was of great extent and magnificence, as is amply evinced by the wide range of its circumvallatory works, and the quantity of ground it once occupied.

There was connected with the antiquities of this place, a catacomb, formed in the bowels of the limestone rock, about fifteen feet below the surface of the earth, adjacent to the town of Lexington. This grand object, so novel and extraordinary in this country, was discovered in 1775, by some of the first settlers, whose curiosity was excited by something remarkable in the character of the stones which covered the entrance to the cavern within. They removed these stones, and came to others of singular appearance for stones in a natural shape—the removal of which laid open the mouth of a cave, deep, gloomy, and terrific, as they supposed.

With augmented numbers, and provided with light, they descended and entered, without obstruction, a spacious apartment: the sides and extreme ends were formed into niches and compartments, and occupied by figures representing men. When alarm subsided, the sentiment of dismay and inquiry, the figures were found to be mummies, preserved by the art of embalming, to as great a state of perfection as was known among the ancient Egyptians, eighteen hundred years before the Christian era; which was about the time that the Israelites were in bondage in Egypt, when this art was in its perfection.

Unfortunately for antiquity, science, and every thing else held sacred by the illumined and learned, this inestimable discovery was made at a period when a bloody and inveterate war was carried on between the Indians and the whites; and the power of the natives was displayed in so savage a manner that the whites were filled with revenge. Animated by this vindictive spirit, the discoverers of the catacombs delighted to wreak their vengeance even on the mummies, supposing them to be of the same Indian race with whom they were then at war.

They dragged them out to the open air, tore the langes open, kicked the bodies into dust, and made a general bonfire of the most ancient remains antiquity could boast. The descent to this cavern is gradual, the width four feet, the height seven, and the whole length of the catacomb was found to be eighteen rods and a half, by six and a half, and calculating from the niches and shelves on the sides, it was sufficiently capacious to have contained at least two thousand subjects.

I could never, says Mr. Ash, from whose travels we have taken this account, learn the exact quantity it contained; the answers to the inquiries which he made respecting it, were, "O, they burnt up and destroyed hundreds!" Nor could he arrive at any knowledge of the fashion, manner, and apparel of the mummies, or receive any other information than that they "were well tanned up." But not being contented with the uncertain information of persons, who, it seems, had no adequate knowledge of the value of this discovery, he caused the cavern to be gleaned for such fragments as yet remained in the niches, on its shelving sides, and on the floor. The quantity of remains thus gathered up, amounted to forty or fifty baskets, the dust of which was so light and pungent as to affect the eyes even to tears, and the nose to sneezing, to a troublesome degree.

He then proceeded on a minute investigation, and separated from the general mass several pieces of human limbs, fragments of bones, solid, sound, and apparently capable of external duration. In a cold state they had no smell whatever, but when submitted to the action of fire, gave out an agreeable effluvia, but was like nothing in its fragrance to which we could compare it.

On this subject Mr. Ash has the following reflections: "How these bodies were embalmed, how long preserved, by what names, and from what people descended, no opinion can be formed, nor any calculation made, but what must result from speculative fancy and wild conjectures. For my part, I am lost in the deepest ignorance. My reading affords me no